

Bessie, Answers, and Miracles

By Anna Von Reitz



Ever had one of those weeks when nothing goes right? Everything is "off"? Everyone feels out of sorts and just on the edge of angry or nauseous or both? And also just plain tired out, drained, and exhausted, too?

My week, and welcome to it..... but.... like rays of sunshine through dark clouds, things also started to turn around this week. The pendulum hit its zenith and began its long sweep in the other direction.

People often ask me, with looks of incredulity on their faces, "Don't you know how difficult what you are proposing is? That we, average people, should run the government?"

Yes, I know.

I also know that that is what we are supposed to be doing, what our tradition demands, what our Law depends upon, and what we have to do if we want to have a country left to stand on.

So I blink and nod and go right on, objections duly noted. But in my dire moments, I do pause and reflect. I do look heavenward and ask: how are we supposed to do this? Against such overwhelming odds?

The answer came back to me this week: love is what makes all things possible.

I found myself at the Post Office, relieving my son of his usual duty as mail carrier this past Thursday, when three boxes came in --- one from California, and one from Indiana and one from Washington. Two contained donated parts for my 1991 Ford Explorer. And one was, mysteriously, a box full of small envelopes.

After several weeks spent with my Ford Explorer on death's doorstep for lack of a single hydraulic hose and some fittings, I held both hose and fittings in hands, and simply "knew" that Bessie, my old Explorer, had another lease on life --- thanks to people living in far distant places, people I've never met, who cared and who sent the parts she needed when I couldn't find them here for life nor money.

She'll probably run another 400,000 miles.

I went directly from the Post Office to the garage. The mechanics stopped what they were doing and came jog-trotting toward me, eyes widening, lips pursing ---- was it possible? It was!

They took the parts and turned them over and over in their hands and looked at each other and looked at me and let out a whoop and started dancing around----- yes! Against all odds, here it was, the "impossible" phantom hydraulic hose, the "miracle".

I glanced across the garage lot at Bessie, the blue sky beginning to break through the clouds behind her, the coating of gold birch leaves on her hood. She has been sitting there for a month, immobile, frozen in place, but on Monday her faithful mechanics --- who have worked on her for twenty years and treat her as a family pet --- will begin refitting her fuel lines.

Thank you, I whispered, to the men who located the parts and spent their own money to buy them and send them to me. It really was better than any Christmas I remember. Thank you, I whispered again, to the Love that propelled them to take action, to look for the parts, and to send them.

Miracles happen, yes, they regularly do.

Then, I went home, and found another miracle waiting for me.

A whole box full of thank you notes, and most of them with small donations, too, from one of our State Assemblies. They somehow sensed the need here. When they held their regular meeting, as part of the agenda, they took up a Special Collection for the Gipper. I sat at my kitchen table and opened up each small note and read each message at least twice, looking at each name.

There were notes from young children with \$1 tucked inside--- and notes from single parents who didn't have even a dollar to send, notes from small businessmen, notes from housewives, notes from other grandparents.... and I noticed that they were beginning to think of their counties, too, as many of them signed their names and their counties, as well as their State.

Afterward, I just sat and stared into space for a few minutes, the pile of opened notes and the pile of cash on the table in front of me, knowing that Heaven had answered my question--- how are we supposed to restore the rightful government of this country, against such overwhelming odds?

With love. With caring. With our simple actions, all added up. With our motivation to look and see and do things in support of our country, and our rightful government, and each other. That's how miracles happen.

I nodded to myself and to the Good Lord. Love for this country. Love for what's right. Love for each other. Against that, no hordes of scheming corporatists can succeed. Against that, no amount of money or technology can prevail.

And I drew a deep breath and felt completely blessed and centered again, ready to go on and face the day. Love is how we restore this country and everyone in it. No need for tons of money. No need for corporate power.

Just boot up your State Assemblies and go with God.

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